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COUNTY DIRECTORY.
Circuit Court.—Hon. Jno. M. Elliott, Judge.
County Court.—Hon. M. M. Cassidy, Judge.
Police Court.—Hon. E. R. Garrett, Judge.
Thos. Metcalfe, Pros. Atty.

BUSINESS CARDS.

REID & REID, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Will practice in Montgomery and adjoining counties, and the Court of Appeals.
Office—on Public Square, opposite Court House yard.

REID & REID, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office on Main Street, Mount Sterling, Ky.
Jan. 9-17

B. A. SEEVER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Will attend promptly to all business confided to his care.
Office North side Public Square.
Jan. 9-17

REID & REID, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Will attend promptly to all business confided to his care. Special attention will be given to the collection of all claims against the United States Government.
Jan. 9-17

W. H. HOLT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Will practice in Montgomery, Bath, Powell, Wolfe, Morgan, Magoffin counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
Jan. 9-17

TURNER & CONNELLEY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
MOUNT STERLING, KY.
Will practice in Montgomery, Bath, Powell, and Clarke counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
Jan. 9-17

ROBERT HIDEELL, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.
IRVINE, ESTILL COUNTY, KY.
Will practice in all the Courts of the 13th Judicial District, and in the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to collections.
Oct. 1-17

G. M. McMAHAN, Dental Surgeon.
MOUNT STERLING, KY.
Office one door below Reese's Jewelry Store, up stairs.
Jan. 11-17

T. H. RIGGEN, RESIDENT DENTIST.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Office over Maupin's Photo Store.
Main Street.
March 6.

DR. HENRIUS CURRIE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office opposite National Hotel, Mt. Sterling.
Where one of them may always be found, day and night unless professionally absent.
Jan. 9-17

DR. JAMES THORNTON, Practicing Physician.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Tenders his professional services to the people of Mt. Sterling and vicinity.
Office and residence on Main Street, opposite the Presbyterian Church.
Apr. 9.

ROBERT MOORE, PORTRAIT, ANIMAL, AND LANDSCAPE PAINTER.
PORTRAITS of fine stock, and horses, painted on reasonable terms. Photographic portraits enlarged to any size up to life, on paper or canvas painted in oil colors.
STUDIO—Over Tullamore & Co's store, Winchester, Ky.
Mar. 24-31

JNO. STUART, BEN. TAYLOR, JAS. STUART, STUART, TAYLOR & CO., Commission Merchants.
AND DEALERS IN
Grain and Country Produce Generally.
COAL, SALT, LUMBER, ETC.
Yard and Warehouse, near Freight Depot.
Jan. 23-17. PARIS, KY.

G. C. KNIFFIN, DEALER IN—
Cooking Ranges, Stoves, Grates,
Iron and Marble Mantles,
Tin-Ware, Pumps, Wooden-Ware,
AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, &c.,
MAIN STREET, (Hinton's Block), PARIS, KY.
Jan. 23-17

KENTUCKY HOTEL
Cor. Main & Maysville Sts.,
MT. STERLING, KY.
MRS. MARY CARTER, Proprietress.

THIS House has recently been thoroughly refurnished, and is now in complete order for the reception of guests.
The Proprietress thankful for the very liberal patronage she has received, and to her house, begs leave to re-assure all who may extend to her their patronage, that no efforts will be spared on the part of her or her assistants, to render them the utmost satisfaction. Her

TABLE
is at all times supplied with the best market affords. The

SALOON
Is under the management of Mr. Chas. B. Luxader, and is supplied with the choicest foreign and Domestic Liquors, fine Cigars, Tobacco, &c.
Jan. 9.

JOB WORK
NEATLY EXECUTED
AT THE SENTINEL OFFICE.

THE KENTUCKY SENTINEL.

VOLUME I.

MOUNT STERLING, KY., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1868.

NUMBER 48.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

Address Delivered by M. J. Dutham, of Danville, Ky., at the Dedication of Central Hall, Louisville, October 27, 1868.

BROTHERS OF THE ORDER: We have not assembled here to-day to celebrate the birth of some military despot, whose crimsoned laurels, gathered from the blood-dyed fields of ambitious strife, have won the transient praises of adulating millions, nor with open-mouthed cannon, bonfires and illuminations, to rejoice over political success, nor to swell the triumph of some proud conqueror, but far more sacred is our cause. We have met in this hall to commemorate the establishment of an institution whose principles are founded on the best and purest moral philosophy; an institution dedicated to universal philanthropy; an institution in which an assembled world may unite in the practice of its sublime virtues.

Occasions like the present, grand, august and solemn, where banded brotherhoods, those eternal revolving circles, within the vast circumference of society, formed for the amelioration of woe and the better welfare of the world, celebrated with visible splendor and magnificence; the more splendid invisible which they represent cannot fail to interest the membership and impress the mass of public mind. Wherever in solemn grandeur appear those sacred combinations, whose charity has flown unobscuredly through secret channels to the chambers of affliction and the heart-places of sorrow, the hearts of the unprivileged must beat high with vigorous, holy and God-like emotions. The principles of our Order are alike applicable to all of every condition, and those of every clime may bow with reverence at its sacred shrine. It matters not to what form of government he is subject, whether under the most despotic or the most free, around this sacred altar he always meets with a friend, protector and brother. Nor does it matter whether he has performed a pilgrimage to the holy land with the devoted few, or subscribes to the Christian faith, at this sacred altar he will be met with outstretched arms, and every thrill of his heart will be met with a responsive throb of sympathy from each and from all. Though this lodge is guarded from the intrusion of the crafty and the vile, as well as the malicious assaults of those who are ignorant of our principles, yet the instant the most humble of the brotherhood approaches the hall, the drawn sword of the guardian is the axis of his protection, and the swift revolving door exhibits to his ravished eyes friends and brothers ready to receive and swift to administer to his every want. Gratitude, the noblest virtue in the moral code, there inspires the mind with an elevation of feeling, while the object of philanthropy invokes blessings from the great "I Am" upon the friends of suffering human nature.

By the rebellion of our first parents, the happiness of man rests on a foundation not more secure than the sand upon the ocean's beach. He is at all times and under all circumstances subject to the strange vicissitudes, and there is no one whose elevation is so exalted that he becomes independent of his fellow-man. The proud monarch on his throne, surrounded by all the splendor of royalty, is not exempt from human ills and the common reverses of fortune. The unerring shafts of disease penetrate the marble walls of his splendid palace. Revolution among his own subjects or foreign aggression may cause his mighty throne to totter to its base, and too late to retrace his steps or avert the impending danger, like the monarch of old who defied the omnipotence of God, he may read his sad and inevitable doom in the writing on the wall. The successful politician may attain the highest pinnacle of fame, and trust himself upon his proud and elevated position, but like the oak which has defied the storms of centuries, at last bows its towering head before the fury of a tornado. And when he farcically his hold is strongest upon the affections of his fellow-men, new principles are agitated, new rivals spring into the arena, and his political horizon is overshadowed by the surpassing brightness of some rising luminary. Commercial embarrassments may prostrate the great staple of a country, her thousand ships, whose broad pennants overshadow every sea, may avoid the quicksands of the ocean's beach for years, and at last be swallowed up in the angry billows of the mighty deep. Men may be in the enjoyment of health to-day, his blood may course in warm and healthful currents, and his soul full of high and holy aspirations for fame to-morrow he may fall languid and meet a premature death. All nature impresses us with a fearful and salutary lesson of our mortality and dependence—not only man, but all the creations of his genius perish by the corroding touch of time. Babylon, the proudest city of antiquity, has fallen and decayed. Athens and Spar-

ta have been stricken from the roll of imperial cities. The splendid temples upon which their religious incense burned, the classic monuments that towered to the skies in honor of battles fought and victories won, have crumbled to the earth, and their memories live only on the undying records of history. It is this dependence of man upon man, the mutability of all human things, that induce the establishment of the Order of Odd Fellows. We are bound together in peace and harmony, and impress upon each other the principles of Christianity, while Friendship, Love and Truth are the great landmarks which guide us in our earthly career. We point our brothers to the graveyard, which tells us in language not to be forgotten, that death is no respecter of persons. We there see the infant snatched away in Leonty's bloom; the maiden and her youthful lover fall like flowers before a winter's frost, and the gray hairs are inhabitants of the tomb. These are the lessons which prompt us to deeds of love, charity and peace. Should one of our number become weary with the cares, ills and troubles of life, should his spirits decline and his soul grow sad, it is then our principles are brought into practice; charity flies to his assistance like the winged messenger of hope, appointed brothers repair to his sick couch, and whisper peace and consolation to his heart, and when disease defies the skill of science, then the hand of affection wipes the death-dew from his livid brow, and in sorrow and sadness we carry him to the cold, silent and solitary tomb; and when nothing but moldering ashes shall remain of him whom we have often admired in the midst of his usefulness, then we contemplate his charities, we adore his virtues, and thus in those ashes will those world-lives live, and the voice of wisdom speak from the desolation of the tomb. But the charity of Odd Fellows stops not at the tomb. Our friendship is not buried in the grave. The beloved object of his love is cared for; his suffering and endeared widow is told to hasten the sign that springs to her mournful bosom, while the tears of sorrow are banished from her fading cheek. The children are no longer orphans, for the hand of sympathy is freely extended, and thousands live to-day to offer up their grateful orisons for the protection extended in the days of their helplessness and suffering. We take such by the hand and lead them along virtue's delightful path, and point them to the far distant temple of science, where honor sits enthroned and faith offers up her sacred adoration.

Various have been the objections urged against Odd Fellowship, all of which I shall not attempt to answer. But we are often asked why we wear around us such a web of secrecy, mystery and obscurity. Secrecy is not peculiar to our order alone. The Bible, the Christian's guide, is full of mysteries, and to the angels of that upper and better land are not revealed the secrets of Heaven, the Christian's home.—Those bright orbs of light that revolve around and above us are far above our comprehension. The air we breathe, the food we eat, and the fluids we drink are all mysterious in their composition. The presence of God, the fountain of all created good and the source whence every blessing flows, wrapt in folds of its own great mystery, cannot be comprehended by man. Our secrecy is of the same nature as the confidence of the social circle, the privacy of public institutions, the silence of governmental councils, which enters into the very life and happiness of society, and when those barriers of protection, thrown around them by the laws of necessity, are broken, the secret of conjugal affection, of domestic peace, of civil government, of harmony and order, are at once uprooted and destroyed. Our signs, symbols, tokens and passwords are intended for mutual recognition, and to guard against fraud and imposition, and, therefore, are secret, but the principles of Odd Fellowship are never concealed; they are boldly proclaimed from the house-tops, and speak from the good works which every where surround us. Give me a voice that shall reach the remotest bounds of earth, and cause every living creature to hear—give me a stand on yonder sun, and a voice that shall sound to the far distant orb of Saturn, and summon up the listening millions of God's vast universe, and without hesitation, I would freely disclose and promulgate the principles of Odd Fellowship. They are written in bold and capital letters in the conduct of every faithful devotee, and shine out in the practice of their sublime virtues. We are frequently told that car tanks are filled from those who are in the humbler walks of life. This may be true, still we can boast of divines who reflect honor upon the sacred arch; of orators whose impassioned eloquence has enchained admiring thousands; of statesmen whose fame has woven an undying chaplet around their country's glory, and of spirits as pure as ever beat responsive

to the holy impulses of patriotism. I could mention many in our Order whose fame is identified with the great interest of humanity. I could transport you across the pathless ocean and point you to a Bulwark, who has shed such lustre on letters, and over whose wizard page the eye of beauty kindles in rapture. I might direct you to that British Lord, who stood in law, in literature, in science, and philosophy as some great castle of his country, a living monument of its ancient power, strength and solidity. I could point you to a thousand Odd Fellows who shine like stars in the intellectual firmament, and glitter brightest in the constellation of virtue, genius, talent and chivalry, are peculiar to no class of society; but some of the brightest spirits of every age have been blessed with no heritage of wealth, or surrounded by none of the splendors of royalty. Let your minds run back eighteen centuries, and no shouts of triumph were heard, no soul-inspiring music, no display of wealth and power, but as if Heaven intended to teach mankind a lesson of humility, the immortal Son of God was born in a manger. The orators, poets and heroes of antiquity boasted of no proud ancestry; each was the architect of his own fame, and trusted to the achievement of his mighty genius for undying and increasing glory. The brightest spirits of the revolution were born in the humbler walks of life, but their native intellect and indomitable energy placed them upon that eminence to which the aspiring youth now looks with longing eyes.

The lessons that are taught in Odd Fellowship are calculated to soften the asperities of our natures, elevate the best feelings of the human heart, and draw us into communion with our great Original. They breathe the spirit of Christianity, union and patriotism to our beloved republic. When the tocsin of battle sounds the alarm from our hills, and reverberates through our valleys, Odd Fellows have been, and would still be, the first to flock around our country's standard to preserve her liberties or perish in the conflict. If the star-spangled banner, now waving over our capital at Washington as an ensign of independence and honor, should, by any invading enemy, be torn from its flagstaff, Odd Fellows, from the uttermost parts of the Union, with sounding horn and glittering steel, would rally to its rescue, and, amid the shout of admiring thousands, would bear it aloft and replace it in its own proud niche. Should the torch of the midnight incendiary wrap your houses in flames, he will be there to throw himself in the post of danger to preserve your families and property from destruction; and should pestilence again hover over the land, with dismay and death following in its footsteps, the Odd Fellow will be seen visiting the abode of sorrow, braving the fury of the epidemic, alleviating the sufferings of its ill-fated victims. Within our lodges the sectarian and politician dare not breathe his sentiments. It would be impious to mar these sacred precincts with burnt-burnings and jealousies. We erect one common platform of perfect and liberal equality upon which all men may stand, and boast no greater homage than those around him, save that elevation which virtue and genius always claim for their votaries.—In the scale of social existence all men are of equal importance, yet there is an aristocracy that we proudly acknowledge—it is that of virtue over vice and intelligence over ignorance. The influence of mind is unseen, but is as irresistible as the majestic Mississippi that swallows up all its tributaries until it is lost in the broad bosom of the ocean. There is another influence to which we bow with humility and praise. It is the gentle and softening influence that woman asserts over our rougher natures. She is the legitimate monarch of the heart. Her despotism is everywhere felt and universally acknowledged. She blends submission with command, humility with power, is the mistress of our earliest pleasures and the object of our latest adoration. As the sun shedding its genial rays upon the desolate earth, warms it into life and vegetation, as woman throws the sacred influence of her virtuous example over the social circle to check man in his wicked and wayward course. Well has the poet remarked—

"Without a smile from partial beauty won,
Oblivion were man? A world without a sun."

Fellow-citizens, Odd Fellowship, as the shining representative of high-toned moral virtue, forms an enduring golden link in the chain of mystic Providence with which God has encircled all created nature, and, although as an organic structure of human wisdom and sanctified of Heaven, we do not claim for it the distinguished honors of high antiquity, yet the noble principles of the Order were born to man when God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." They will never die. Immortal as God himself, virtue will live forever. But

as evil pervades the earth, and forever hurls its bitter shafts against the good which blesses man, the sun-lit escutcheon of Odd Fellowship may not hope to escape its malignant fury. Christ himself, and his holy religion, has been hunted by the tyrannical darkness upon land and upon sea, and unfiled have hurled their darts at its influence. Masonry, driven by envy and malice, has been compelled to flee through Europe, wrapt in the crimson folds of her own bloody mantle. For years this Order has not been wanting in its persecuting, bitter foes. But it has survived, like the phoenix, thrice glorious, and is now the admiration of the world. While the practices of virtue and benevolence are taught at the very threshold of Odd Fellowship, it is reserved for the more distinguished grades of the Order to fully develop the principles upon which they rest.—In this happy contemplation, the sublime mysteries unfold to his almost entranced thought a new world of being, and he feels the elevation of his nature as he traverses the vows of his sacred faith. Thus, while the world without, like the forest-lost wanderer, who knows not of the contingency of the hospitable cottage-light, is still wrapt in the profound envelope of superposition and ignorance, the Odd Fellow climbs the ladder of mystic science, its base resting upon holy charity, displays itself by works, while it lifts its glowing summit to the light of heavenly illumination, in whose revealing splendor the celestial chamber up, robes his mighty spirit, and, with unshackled freedom, profoundly gazes upon the divine consistency of his immortal being. Here we pause while the heart grows big with mighty thought. The dizzy height on which we stand forbids our downward look; our safety lies in an upward, a steady, an eternal gaze. Beneath rolls the dark billows of time, blackened by the deep cloud of corruption and ignorance and stained with the red blood of persecution and death. Above, like the sun beyond the storm, shine in perennial beauty the eternal world and new grades of intelligence. Thither we look, and, like the storied bay of Virginia's arch, around whose brow Fame has entwined his imperishable laurel, we climb beyond the ruins of time, nor pause in all our efforts until we have reached the sublimity of nature's chartered privileges. There is a beauty in the principles of our Order—their adaptation to every clime and every condition of life. They live in the bosom of despotism, where man is bound down to an iron rule, where the strong arm of power not only fetters the limbs of its subjects, but an interdiction is put upon the human understanding; there where no liberty lights up with beacon torches the abode of misery, our principles bid defiance to the mandates of kings, and deck the world with tints as beautiful as the glow upon the rainbow of heaven. But it is in our land of liberty that her principles flourish most. A few years since a small band of brothers nobly resolved to raise their standard, and as its silken folds first kissed the breeze of morn, promised before high Heaven to practice Friendship, Love and Truth.—Here it has increased in power and strength until it has become an infant Hercules.—A half of a century has not sent the shade of its departed years into past oblivion since its mystic banner was first unfurled to the American breeze. The gallant heart that first planted the noble standard deep in freedom's soil yet lives to look upon its increasing glory, to behold the two hundred and fifty thousand who, beneath its ample folds, with fond affection hail each other as brothers of the mystic. Like a vast avalanche, detached from its Alpine heights, in its descent to the plain below, is the majestic movement of this Order through the fields of time. May it still sweep on until suffering virtue shall wear the habiliments of joy, sorrow and sadness lie down in everlasting sleep, vice and immorality bid the world an eternal adieu.—The principles which we espouse are the same fires that burn upon the altars of liberty. Without them human government leaps into despotism. With them law stands forth to perform its highest purpose; virtue and religion flourish under their shelter, and beauty grows brighter in the sunlight that streams from their shield. They are the palladium of our religious and social institutions, the great bulwarks of our political freedom.

Brothers of the Order, from this sacred desk let me persuade you to be Odd Fellows indeed; let your conduct be like the pure, bright rays of the sun, penetrate the moral atmosphere of the world, unmixed with aught to bedim or cloud its lustre.—Let us lay its foundation deep in justice and compassion, and inscribe upon its columns "Peace and good will to men."—Let us go forth burning with generous resolves to relieve the wretched and contribute to the happiness of the human race, visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and keep ourselves unspotted

from the world. This is Christianity.—Remember that Odd Fellowship can only carry you through the ills of life; religion alone is the passport to the great entrance-chamber of Heaven, and holiness of heart the explanation to the Grand Lodge in the skies. When the voice of the angel shall be heard upon the waters, when the last note of time shall heavily sound from the tomb of immutable ages, and the requiem of the world swells up and reverberates through boundless space, with all created good shall moral virtue, as a child of the skies, be separated from the ruins of sin, and gathered home to the presence of God. When sculptured monuments shall be no more, when honor's gaily plumes shall wither and decay, when magnificent temples shall moulder to the earth, the successful triumphs of Odd Fellowship shall flourish in immortal youth, and shine forever on the burnished altars of Heaven.

The Private Habits of Horatio Greeley.
BY MARK TWAIN, OF THE TRIBUNE'S STAFF.
Mr. Greeley gets up at three o'clock in the morning; for it is one of his favorite maxims that only early rising can keep the health unimpaired and the brain vigorous. He then wakes up all the household and assembles them in the library, by candle-light, and, after quoting the beautiful lines:
"Early to bed and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"
he appoints each individual's task for the day, sets him at it with encouraging words, and goes back to bed again. I mention here, in no fault-finding spirit, but with a deference justly due a man who is older and wiser and worthier than I, that he snores awfully. In a moment of irritation, once, I was rash enough to say I never would sleep with him until he broke himself of this unfortunate habit. I have kept my word with bigoted and unwavering determination.
At half-past 11 o'clock Mr. Greeley rises again. He shaves himself. He considers that there is great virtue and economy in shaving himself. He does it with a dull razor, sometimes humming a part of a tune, (he knows part of a tune, and takes an innocent delight in regarding it as the first half of Odd Fellowship; but parties familiar with the hymn have felt obliged to confess that they could not recognize it, and, therefore, the noise he makes is doubtless an unconscious original composition of Mr. Greeley's) and, sometimes, when the razor is especially dull, he accompanies himself with a formula like this: "Damn the damned razor, and the damned effects who made it!"—H. G.
He then goes out into his model garden, and applies his vast store of agricultural knowledge to the amelioration of his cabbage; after which he writes an able agricultural article for the instruction of American farmers, his soul cheered the while with the reflection that if cabbages were worth eleven dollars apiece his model farm would pay.
He next goes to breakfast, which is a frugal, abstemious meal with him, and consists of nothing but just such things as the market affords, nothing more. He drinks nothing but water—nothing whatever but water, and coffee, and tea, and Scotch ale, and lager beer, and lemonade with a fly in it—sometimes a house fly, according to the amount of inspiration required to warm him up to his daily duties. During breakfast he reads the Tribune all through, and enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that all the brilliant things in it, written by Young and Cooke, and Hazard, and myself, are attributed to him by a confiding and infatuated public.

After breakfast he writes a short editorial, and puts a large dash at the beginning of it, thus (—), which is the same as if he put H. G. after it, and takes a savage pleasure in reflecting that none of us undertrappers can use that dash, except in profane conversation when chaffing over the outrage. He writes this editorial in his own handwriting. He does it because he is so vain of his penmanship. He always did take an inordinate pride in his penmanship. He hired out once, in his young days, as a writing master, but the enterprise failed. The pupils could not translate his remarks with any certainty. His first copy was "Virtue is its own reward," and they got it "Washing with soap is wholly absurd," and so the trustees discharged him for attempting to convey bad morals through the medium of worse penmanship. But, as I was saying, he writes his morning editorial. Then he tries to read it over, and can't do it, and so sends it to the printers, and they try to read it, and can't do it, and so they set it up at random as you may say, putting in what words they can make out, and when they get aground on a long word they put in "reconstruction" or "universal suffrage," and spar off and paddie ahead, and next morning, if the degraded public can tell what it is all about, they say it is the

of those imbecile undertrappers, and that is the end of it.
On Sundays Mr. Greeley sits in a prominent pew in Mr. Chapin's church, and lets on that he is asleep, and the congregation regard it as an eccentricity of genius.
When he is going to appear in public, Mr. Greeley spends two hours on his toilet. He is the most painstaking and elaborate man about getting up his dress that lives in America. This is his chiefest and his pleasantest foible. He puts on his old white overcoat and turns up the collar.—He puts on a soiled shirt, saved from the wash, and leaves one end of the collar unbuttoned. He puts on his most dilapidated hat, turns it wrong side before, can't get it on to the back of his head, and jams an extra dent in the side of it. He puts on his most atrocious boots, and spends fifteen minutes tucking the left leg of his pants into the boot-top in what shall seem the most careless and unstudied way. But his cravat—it is into the arrangement of his cravat that he throws all his soul, all the powers of his great mind. After fixing it for forty minutes before the glass it is very perfect—it is as new every way—it overflows his coat-collar on one side and sinks into oblivion on the other—it climbs and it delves around about his neck—the knot is conspicuously displayed under his left ear, and it stretches one of his long ends straight out horizontally, and the other goes over his eye, in the good old 'Toodles' fashion—and then, completely and marvelously apparelled, Mr. Greeley strides forth, rolling like a sailor, a miracle of astounding costumery, the awe and wonder of the nations!

But I have not the time to tell you the rest of his private habits. Suffice it that he is an upright and an honest man—a practical, great-brained man—a useful man to his nation and his generation—a famous man who has justly earned his celebrity—and withal the worst dressed man in this or any other country, even though he does take so thundering much pains and puts on so many frills about it.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

The Oldest House in America.
By far the most interesting as well as the most abused of Medford antiquities is the old brick house built by Governor Matthew Cradock, in 1634, the oldest house probably in the United States. The early dwellings of the Jamestown and Plymouth settlers have long since disappeared; but this building with its solid walls, eighteen inches thick, has stood here on the quiet bank of the Mystic for more than two centuries. Cradock was a wealthy London merchant before he emigrated, and the house was a very costly one for those times. It is two low stories in height with a low curb roof, and low, almost square windows.

In the upper part of the walls near the eaves are two or three "ovals," or apertures, twenty inches in height by sixteen in width, around which the bricks were laid in the manner of an arch. Some of these are now filled up with brick, or with a pane of glass, and whether they were intended for loopholes in case of war or for ornament is not known. Inside there used to be fire-proof closets and other elaborate appointments of a frontier dwelling, but I presume many remodelings have destroyed the original plan of the interior. It has long been treated as if it were only a mean house, fit for poor tenants to live in. Several years ago, Brooks, in his history of Medford, pointed out the importance of its preservation as a historical relic, but nothing has ever been done about it, and here, within five miles of the modern Athens, this, the oldest house in New England, and probably in America, stands unthought of and uncared for, except as its owner calculates the price of rent.

Blossoms of the Past.
There are but few of us who have not, guarded, in the casket of memory, some blossoms of the past, withered now, but fragrant still, and far more precious than when unfolding, they gave to the future its bright attractions. The burdened heart of the sorrowing mother, who once gazed so tenderly and proudly on the smiling face of her handsome boy, bent high with hopes to be fulfilled when he reached manhood—but alas, the fruition of the fond expectations will never be here, for there is gloom in the house and a shade on her brow for the darling death claimed, and only the blossom of past hopes remain for her.—There is a vacant place at many a table and by many firesides there are empty chairs, and the heart of the living will never again know the joy they once felt in the presence of the loved ones who will never return. For the mourners, only the bruised blossoms of hopes rudely crushed, are left to tell them what might have been. Sadder words were never breathed—it might have been—for they tell a bright past suddenly darkened. Thus we go through our days, the flowers of hope that open so fair, but seldom expand into glorious fulness, and the life that has no future, is but death.

STIPULATIONS WITH ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements ordered for less than one month will be charged fifty cents per square for each insertion after the first. Special notices 15 cents a line for the first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. Marriages and deaths inserted gratuitously. Obituary notices ten cents per line. The privileges extended to annual advertisers will be strictly confined to their own business, and advertisements occupying more space than contracted for, or advertisements foreign to the legitimate business of the contracting parties, will be charged for extra, at our published rates.
